

1794

EUROPE IN DANGER.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.



EUROPE IN DANGER ;
OR
A N E N Q U I R Y
INTO THE
CAUSES OF THE MISFORTUNES
OF THE
LAST CAMPAIGN,
WITH
THE MEANS OF AVOIDING THEM IN FUTURE,
By the Commencement of
DECISIVE HOSTILITIES.

ADDRESSED TO
MONARCHS, MINISTERS, LEADERS OF THEIR FORCES,
AND THE PEOPLE.

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EUROPE IN DANGER

OR

AN ENEMY

TO THE

CAUSES OF THE MISFORTUNES

OF GREAT BRITAIN



DEPARTMENT OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

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MANY of the following Remarks, are derived from the opinions of other Countries, on the subject of the present WAR.—They are not given to the world in aid of any particular party, or description of men ; but merely to incite the COMBINED POWERS to a vigorous fulfillment of their sacred stipulations in the CONFEDERATE CAUSE.

E R R A T A,

Page 2 line 14, after paracidal hands, add *in the blood of, &c.*

Page 11, line 24, for has, read *have*.

Page 25, line 19, for spoilation, read *spoliation*.



EUROPE IN DANGER.

EVERY part of EUROPE is, at the present crisis, under circumstances without a parallel. The enemies she has to conquer are formidable by their numbers, their courage, and their resources; but, far more dangerous still by those detestable conspiracies, which, like subtle miners, they form, as it were, under ground; and by their criminal indifference to the means of bringing about their ends. They are perilous, likewise, by their disorganizing and anarchistical principles, so artfully contrived to seduce the multitude; and by that almost universal CORRESPONDENCE they have established amongst all classes of people, in nearly every quarter of the world. Correspondence, which rises in a series from the lowest to the highest of mankind—from beggars, to the ministers of kings.

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Respect

Respect alone arrests my hand from extending, in certain instances, this correspondence to **KINGS themselves!**

It is, indeed, what the regicides have justly intitled it, *une guerre a mort*, a war unto death! And either the monster anarchy must perish, or Europe herself, with all her thrones, and all her dearest bonds of religion, society, and government, with more than the half of her population, *must be destroyed!*

Such is the boasted regeneration to be expected from the triumph of those lovers of their country, who have drenched their parricidal hands in one of its most innocent men, and most benevolent of monarchs.

The triumph, indeed, of these sacriligious regicides, implicates the re-union, and reign of the most profound depravity, that has yet appeared in the annals of human iniquity; for, from the moment that crimes like that alluded to, pervaded France, might be seen from all quarters, the blushless refuse of humanity, increasing the mass, and flocking to the standard of corruption: like famished tygers

gers, who, attracted by the exhalation of dead carcases, set off in troops to devour their noisome prey.

I have called the war, which is now ravaging Europe, unparalleled; and not without reason. *It is itself alone!* In others, however odious, there has always been something like an obedience to the laws, at least of nations, to smoothe a little "its wrinkled front"—and to diminish its horror. There has always been some suspension of arms to bury the dead, to assist the dying, and to permit bleeding and desolated humanity to breathe from slaughter. But this deadly strife gives neither quarter, nor recess. Even the late, and present situation of the hostile powers cannot with propriety be called a pause, since each party are perpetually in motion, and in one place or another, the restless disturbers of the public tranquillity.

"Cry Havock! and let slip the Dogs of War."

Indeed, it is softening the hideous features of the fact too much to call it a war. It is more properly, a convention of the greatest

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nation in the world, to rob, and butcher all which that world inherits. It is a rapacious monster, which has already devoured the country that gave it birth, and is eating its way into the very heart of every other.

Neither is simple war the word that strictly corresponds with the sense of our efforts—would to heaven one could with more general truth call them our *united* efforts, to exterminate this monster. As the word is too soft for our opponents, it is too feeble for ourselves. We are intitled to a more glorious and forcible term, since ours is a struggle of social order, against lawless barbarity. The approaching campaign may be in some sort considered as Nature herself, “agonized almost in every pore,” and outraged in almost every right, (let declaimers hold what language they please) combining her last exertions, to prevent the universe from once more falling into Chaos!

Yet has not the better disposed part of Europe been in some measure accessory to the enormous growth of this desolating monster? Did she not too long consider as a mere troubled

bled rivulet, which impotently brawled as it passed, that fatal stream that gathered poisons as it flowed, till the torrent became contagious by its venom, and resistless by its force? Did she think it worth her while to raise a dam to keep it within its proper bounds, till it had deluged other countries with the best blood of their inhabitants?

To argue on the fact still farther: if those who directed the course of this torrent had not been restrained in the beginning by their own fears, which they have since but too well surmounted; if they had employed at the first attack of *Mons*, and *Tournay*, that unanimity in their measures, and that audacity in the execution of them, which make the safety of Europe now so doubtful, the evils which I here announce, that they may henceforth be the more effectually avoided, would have already spread desolation over the world.

Nor is this a chimerical, or speculative opinion: *Their forces were all there*, and before it could have been possible to stop their progress,

gress, half Germany, and the whole of Holland must have fallen into their hands. They must have accumulated immense treasures, they would have sacrificed the faithful subjects of both countries, while they armed thousands of their partizans : and this crowd of wretches, whom circumstance alone determines, after having risen against the legitimate authority, would soon employ the same energy to destroy its last traces. The train of combustibles was spread, and in the first moment of irresolution, terror, and dismay, the conflagration must have been general.

We are indebted, in this case, as in various others, to the weakness of the antagonist, whose fears got the ascendant ; and, in a wicked mind, terror is often stronger than ambition. Had the plan succeeded, such would have been its effects.

But Divine Providence had ordained otherwise ; for to providential decrees alone, can be assigned the astonishing events which have so confounded all the calculations of human wisdom. Let us hear no more of those fallacious

lacious, and loud founding words, the incorruptible fidelity and loyalty of troops; the natural courtesy of the people, and their attachment to their Sovereign. Successful villainy, whether of a public, or private nature, will always have proselytes. Before that fatal æra, of which I have just spoken—existed there in any part of the globe, an army more true to its king and his laws, than the army of France? And yet with how little difficulty did they quit the post of honor and allegiance, to enlist under the bloody banners of rebellion!

Were there ever people more gentle amongst themselves, more hospitable, or more full of urbanity to strangers; or who possessed in a more eminent degree the embellishing talents of society? Was not softness and courtesy their characteristic? And yet, is there a nation of the earth so truly deserving the name of cannibals? Were the fabled Antropophagi so avaricious of blood? or did the torrents which they daily shed, ever distinguish any savages as they now mark the savages of France? Have they not even an *appetite* for slaughter, which

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“ grows by what it feeds on ?” In a word, and to finish all future reliance on *professions* of treaty, has the page of history recorded—I had almost written—an *idolatry*—so strong, so devout, for the name, essence, privileges, prerogatives, substance, and even shadows of a king, as the subjects of the French monarch? And yet have not these very subjects seen, with frantic raptures, which a famished monster would scarcely have indulged, the life-blood gush from a monarch, who to the piety of the *Sainted* Louis, adjoined the paternal tenderness for his people, of Henry the Fourth? His last words were those of love, benediction and forgiveness; and in the moment that the fatal Guillotine shortened the course of a blameless and benevolent life, did not the air, which used to echo only with the sounds of *vive le Roi!* reverberate with cries of transport, that they had taken away the life of a man, who had never committed an act in his whole reign, but what a merciful God might have looked down upon from his heaven, and pronounced the

the author to be a worthy vicegerent. Did not innumerable spectators arm themselves voluntarily to support the regicidal executioner in his office? And did not these murderous abettors—these once gentle, and loyal subjects, who war even with the dead—celebrate the anniversary of the most execrable assassination, even to the uttermost parts of the kingdom,—like savages dancing round their horrid sacrifices—amidst the shouts of indecent joy, and the hymns of patriots, those ruffianly assassins of their groaning country?

Yet terrible as are these questions which must all be answered in the affirmative, the dire facts they respond to, seem to have made but a very slight impression, even amongst the thrones of Europe. One might be almost tempted to say, that the spirit of blindness has assailed one side, the more effectually to assist the spirit of desolation that actuates, and possesses the other. Precisely at the same instant, some irresistible power seems to have armed one party with a sword, and impelled the other to open the bosom,

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and even go rapidly forward, without opposition to receive it.

We are amusing ourselves with treaties ; with perfect neutralities—with ideas of the enemy being far from our borders ; as if there could be made any solid treaty with a tiger, or that we could fix any reliance on the principle of being excluded from the general rage, because we rage not against the monster—who at best will treat the neutral nation like the giant in the fable, who did the victim, from whom he had received the best treatment, the favour to *devour him last* :—or as if distance made any thing against the progress of the thunder, or the lightening, whose bolt is shot, and whose flash sent forth from one end of the air to the other in the twinkling of an eye.

We are far removed, says one Potentate, from the scene of action, and why, therefore, should we march towards it ? As well may the man who forms a link in an electric chain, suppose he shall not feel the shock because

because he is the farthest from the instrument.

Till within a very few months we have sported with a Revolution, which called almost from the first moment, even when we looked on it as too contemptible for notice, for the most serious measures—since its declared object was to overturn, and swallow up every thing. This was its menace, and we have permitted it every day to be put more or less in execution. It does not appear to me, that we began to be serious in the business till the first law of Nature suggested, that our own lives and properties were in danger. Did every Crowned Head but reflect well on the extent of the French system, he must perceive that he was literally fighting for his own head, as well as diadem.

If ever there was a war in which

“ Self Love, and Social is the same,”

this is that war. And yet, though the maxim prevades our own, and every other country in *Europe* but that of *France*, the views of most of the nations thus vitally concerned, has been

fordid, narrow, and inactive, as if even self-preservation from a devouring flame, to feed which the enemies *without*, and *within* are perhaps equal, was but a secondary principle. Cold, and half-means alone have been used, where all the powers that yet remain *uncorrupted* of the agitated globe, should unite with an ardour proportioned to the love not only of the *species*, but of the *individual*.

As an individual therefore, as a link in the chain of that species, it is a duty to lift up his voice, and to contribute his endeavour. Every friend of order, decency, and public good faith is called upon in a time of general Conflagration, to stop as much as in him lies the progress of those flames, which, if permitted to go on unchecked, would set the whole world on fire ; and under the vain but plausible pretext of re-creating, must reduce it

“ With all that it inherits,”

its cloud-capt towers, and gorgeous palaces to ashes ! Whoever has attended to the progress *already* made in this destruction, will
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not think it an undue strain on the metaphor, were I to say, that the regenerators are anxious to exterminate the present world by a more afflicting deluge, than that which laid waste the old—by a deluge of human blood.

But let us now strike at the root of the mischief so far as it has been strengthened by ourselves. We have too long deceived ourselves about the neutral force of the Regicide armies. An important part of our evils has originated from this error. We have too little understood, or too much despised the power of our antagonists. Let us keep our contempt for their principles ; their power is no just object of it.

I will bring the most incontestible proofs to public consideration.

An immense kingdom, which Nature herself has marked amongst her most distinguished favourites, fortified by strong holds, where Art has exhausted her inventions, resources, and designs ; an immense population ; an impetuosity derived from nature and rarely to be resisted ; passion, vivacity, action,

tion, and vehemence, of no less consequence in war, than the sedater powers of the soul: numerous arsenals and well stored: incalculable means of industry and prosperity to repair their heaviest losses; a strong body of engineers, and the best artillery in the world.—Such is the faithful picture of the power, and resources of France *before* the late Revolution.

To this great general outline, which still remains true, must now be superadded other traits. The annihilation of commerce and navigation—the annihilation too of all the arts and refinements of luxury, of professions, of trades, at first sharpened the discontent of men, who lost with these the means of subsistence, and added to the *then* prodigious body disposed to restore the constitution to the rights of royalty, and of the people under the ancient government. In the first moments of disorganization, and Republican tyranny, foreign powers might justly count on finding friends amongst the above malcontents, had the combined armies then come within

within their reach ; and the deranged, though *then*, not absolutely destroyed monarchy, might have revived—perhaps been re-established more firmly on the throne.

But we have suffered that time to pass, and the difficulties have increased ten thousand fold. Terrified by so many rigorous examples, convinced of the danger and the inefficacy of their efforts, practised upon by every sort of illusion, stripped of their ordinary revenues, reduced to a dependence on the new governors, even for their daily bread, and pressed hard on every side by power opposed to weakness, they are condemned to receive that bread from the hands of the very men, who have thus brought them to beggary. It might be bitter for a time, but what will not dire necessity effect ? It softens by degrees, and in the end becomes sweet. From living amongst executioners, they catch their sanguine habits, and become themselves the instruments of butchery. Almost all those, who have been thus driven out of their shops, warehouses, or professions, and thereby become

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ensioners on the Republic, whether in town or country, are at this moment, (I mean such of them as have escaped the Guillotine,) in the service of the Convention, and have taken up arms as a refuge from despair; there being in effect no other alternative to save them from death by famine, or *le glaive de la loi*!

It was however before the famine came upon their land, that they were forced into arms; and when that motive was united with the imperious decrees of their new task-masters, the whole nation could exist only by the plunder of other countries; and, like the ancient northern hordes, they now roam abroad for prey, because it can no longer be found at home. Yet even famine itself is made subservient to the destroying principles of the Convention. History has often shewn us what hunger has effected, in the efforts which have been made by a single person to appease it. What then can oppose the united powers of a nation like that of France, gaunt with famine, and wandering about the yet unexhausted parts of the globe, seeking whom,
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and what it may devour? Nor is it at all likely that the mass of men, thus seduced, would, had they even the opportunity, return to the pursuits in which they have been educated. A life of peace, would henceforth be to them a life of laborious idleness, but not of industry: for, it may be remarked, that although military operations are replete with pains and perils, and demand incessant activity, they destroy the troops for any profession but that of arms, by rendering them either dangerous, or useless members of society.

Thus it has been, by little and little, that idleness, and famine its concomitant, have covered the extensive territory of France with people, who have become the models of depravity and fierceness, in absolute contrast to those qualities of mildness and mercy, that once distinguished them. Thus it is, that the whole nation is transformed into a camp, hemmed round with bayonets; that the foundries have acquired an activity so fatal, that innumerable armies, resembling in numbers, and in terrors the locusts of the Nile, have

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usurped the frontiers, and that new bodies are instantly formed, as if by enchantment to supply and replace the old, when war, pestilence or famine, murder or sudden death, (which are all at work upon them at once) have swept off miriads on miriads ; especially when an unexpected opposition calls for such *magic reinforcement* ! Of this, Le Vendee, Lyons, Marseilles, Bourdeaux, and Toulon, are bleeding examples.

Consider in the next place, that where every man is a soldier, the children of every such man will be soldiers also. The father from necessity perhaps ; the son from choice. A future generation, if the Republic were permitted to proceed, would be trained to arms from the cradle ; and every school must be a military, or naval academy. There would, in short, be no education allowed, or possibly desired, but what had a tendency to war. Even as it is, the youth of the French nation are bred up in the midst of hostility, and as the aged are swept away by the cannon, or the sword, their place is filled by the rising
race .

race, who succeed to the only patrimony now left them to subsist on—the inheritance of war.

They fall heirs to their fathers musquet, bayonet, and sword; and with these they march on to battle, as to a livelihood. Youth glows with a passion for glory, and when the cause they have engaged in is dressed out, and equipped in the robes of eloquence, that passion must inspire their breasts. In the mean time, fighting for what they are told is liberty, and feeling that it is for life;—taught by dreadful and daily examples the penalties entailed on cowardice, and what is proudly called, treason to the majesty of the people;—flushed with successes; cheered in their very overthrows; excited by the hope of pillage; and more than all intoxicated with an enthusiasm which has often aroused the most pacific temper, and wrought nations the least warlike, to acts of transitory valour, that make them wonder even at themselves;—directed moreover by chiefs, who have no safe medium betwixt conquest, and the scaffold, and who find it impossible to obtain that success

without the total derangement of empires ;— growing gradually more and more familiarised with debauchery, plunder, bloody fights, and more bloody deeds ; how can they admit the bare idea of returning order, without horror ? War has put into their hands a new business, and peace which would deprive them of it, must leave them unprovided. What,—return to honest toil, after a life of so much splendid seduction ? preposterous ! These considerations, and more than these concur to prove, that the proselytes of the Convention, or those who have been forced into the service, will not cease to unite to the ancient ardour of the French, an energy, a resolve, and a ferocity hitherto unknown ; and will even give them a consistency before thought, and indeed, usually found incompatible with the levity of their character.

Shall we then any longer soothe ourselves with the dreams of those futile reasoners, and garret politicians, who would persuade us now, as they tried to do in the first half year of the revolution, that nothing which is violent
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can last long? and, therefore, that the extraordinary exertions of France must soon burn out by their own vehemence? It is, alas, but too true, that this general rule finds an exception in the present case. Why should we flatter ourselves, that the effect will cease, while the cause not only remains, but acquires every day, every hour, a new degree of spirit, and of force? Fire, which is the proper emblem of activity, can never be extinguished, while it is fed with new fuel. And does that VESUVIUS, which almost two thousand years ago, buried in its fiery womb, the treasures of *Pompea*, and *Herculaneum*, exhibit any signs of exhausted power to ravage, and to destroy? Why then should we expect, that the eternally supplied fires of a maddening people, should be put out by any thing, but a force superior even to that people, and that madness?

It is true, that the French Republic is now raging with a fever, that will be followed ultimately by a mortal imbecility. The disorder

der must, in the end, burn out the bowels of the nation so sorely visited. But the fever is putrid and epidemic, and is spreading contagion as it flies : and who can say how far it will go, or to what extent of time it may rage? I am ready to admit, that the unnatural, the monstrous edifice of the French Revolution will even shake itself to pieces. I will grant that it is raised in sand, and I could prove it in direct contradiction to all the laws of nature, all the history of nations, and all the institutions on earth and in heaven ; but perhaps the greater part of human beings now existing, may fall the victims of ambition, (which has stolen the modest name of *brotherhood*) before that æra approaches ; and a prophecy of a speedy issue arising from any thing but an *actual* union of the force of Europe, would be perfectly ridiculous.

Let us pass on to the present, no matter how acquired, FINANCES of the enemy.—Let us see how they can sustain this Colossus of power.

1. Those

1. Those who are at the head of the French government, have seized on more than two thirds of that magnificent kingdom. This has been done by appropriating the superb estates of the crown, the possessions of the nobility, clergy, and in short all private property to public uses ; and if they continue the war they have declared against all the proprietors, they must inevitably make themselves masters of all the property ; and thus will be concentrated all the wealth of France in the hands of the Convention.

2. An enormous mass of assignats, of which the circulation is absolutely imposed amongst the laws of life, on pain of death, furnishes a good, and sufficient payment for every interior object. And while the stipend, subsistence, equipment, and march of the Republican troops cost nothing, since the paper mills of the country were turned into manufactories of money, other states are draining their resources to the dregs to supply the same occasions. Hence we observe a greater expenditure in six weeks, than was ever collected under

under the ancient system, to answer the demands of a whole year, even in times of the most notorious defalcation. And although the outgoings are abundant, the income, thus gathered by plunder at the edge of the guillotine, and at the muzzle of the musquet, is yet more copious ; and it is only by splendid sacrifices under the name of patriotic gifts, that the dreadful instruments abovementioned, can be propitiated. Like the tripple-jawed monster at the gates of hell, they demand a bribe so enormous, that many of the trembling citizens incur the forfeit of their lives in attempting by desertion, concealment, and other stratagems, to avoid it. Were all the sovereigns of Europe to club their powers of accumulation, the whole aggregate sum would fall short of the spoils of such a nation as France, thus plundered by Act of Parliament : for every man has now a prerogative to commit those crimes in France, which would sentence him to an ignominious death in England ; and honorable mention is made in Paris of those deeds, which would be
almost

almost too foul for the annals of Newgate in London.

It need not be observed, that money, by whatever means obtained, will ever be a most powerful instrument ; and it is by means of this instrument, that the French are able to *over-bribe*, and *over-buy*, the rest of the powers of Europe. In every country there are “ spirits now at work ” for them ; spies at home, and spies abroad ;—large bodies of men—I might safely have written whole nations—from whom they receive, under the convenient mask of neutrality, every article of consumption properly included in the necessities of life. The money, sent in exchange for those commodities, is equally acceptable to the vendors, whether it has been honestly, or fraudulently acquired by the purchaser ; whether the spoilation of a palace, the treasure of a murdered citizen, or the robbery of an altar. Indeed, in this case, as the receiver is as bad as the felon, that the goods bought by one set of traitors, should be sold by another, is bringing the bargain to a fair balance. It

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is favorable to that glorious system of equality, which would league all mankind in the bonds of universal depredation.

But the system is well planned, and sagaciously conducted. No wonder therefore it is successful. Do the Conventional armies feel the pressure of a temporary want of any of the necessaries of life? The single word *requisition*, acts with the force of a spell; it is the cue for *general stripping*: For it begins to be pretty well understood now, that the word *Egalité* means no more, than to express the natural right of every man to go naked; and it is at length seen clearly, that the Convention of France, in all their decrees, resolve to reduce every body, but themselves, to that state of nature. And they have so well contrived all this, that rich and poor surrender their shoes and shirts, and think themselves well-off, if the Lords of the requisition do not insist on having their skins into the bargain. But the most pleasant part of the business is, that the poor shivering nudities, are compelled to call these

these exactions, patriotic free-will offerings, and Republican gifts!

In a word, whatever be the object wanted, the first appearance of a Commissioner invested with the powers of the Convention, operates upon the people to be then plundered, like a charm, and will get together more articles, and more money, in eight and forty hours, than the Sovereigns of Europe, with all their taxations, could collect for the service of their several states in as many months.

These are all so many arguments to prove, that the French are surrounded at present by advantages, within and without, that are peculiarly their own; for where is the potentate on earth who dare, in the extreme pressure of public affairs, hazard, in any single instance, any single measure, what these pretended regenerators of France have been exacting for the space of four years? In the former case, the slightest impost, imperiously insisted upon by state necessity, to save the general property, and even lives of the contributors to

the tax, is the object of a thousand complaints and exclamations ; as many demurs, and yet more subterfuges to avoid paying it : But in the latter instance, the Convention nods, and the nation, to its remotest province, trembles and obeys. The fabled omnipotence of the heathen Jupiter is reallized ; and the least murmur, though breathed in a whisper, should that whisper be heard, is converted into a death warrant, which the complainant is made to sign himself ; and even his death becomes an advantage to his murderers, by offering a fuller occasion to enrich with his spoils the National Treasury, which is but another name for a vast repository of stolen goods.

In aid of all this, let it be remembered, that the Regicides who have declared war with the world, are fighting upon their own ground, that they are entrenched in fortresses which facilitate their attack, insure their retreat, and repose their armies ; and that their resources lie, like their power of communicating with each other, always within their reach.

reach. The Allies, on the contrary, are in a strange land, furrounded by a number of ruined, despoiled countries on the one hand, and by spies, open enemies, and false friends on the other: Their own territories, open on every side, can be guaranteed only by the places which they conquer, and of these they have to repair the ruins, before they are in a state to answer even that purpose. Better, far better, perhaps were it, to quit them in their dust and ashes, and leaving only a sufficient force by way of an army of observation, march on with the main body, with the artillery, and other military acquisitions, to pursue the vanquished to their last resorts.

Another dreadful inconvenience is, that the combined forces require much time, much labour and expence, to make up their losses of every kind: whence it happens, that it demands a series of the most uninterrupted, and brilliant successes to accomplish the end proposed.

What then is the conclusion to be drawn from these incontestible, and alarming premises?

mises? Why the exact *reverse* of that, which is sedulously insisted on by the phalanx of malcontents, which range themselves around the confederated powers of Europe: I say the exact *reverse*, because it is generally good, and sound policy to hold a doctrine opposite to that, which is laid down for us by the seditious. On this principle, as they have advised a *peace*, I say boldly, FIGHT IT OUT! for there is no peace to be made worth having, but with an enemy, who himself respects human laws or compacts, or who lives under a government which is responsible for their violation. How then will you make peace with a nation, which *professes* to have neither laws human, or divine? No government, and no God?

What should we say of the Naval Commanders, who, at the end of incredible aggressions, provocations, threats, and outrages, resolved to combine all their forces against a tyrant, from whom they were taught to expect death as a consequence of captivity, or slavery as an indulgence; and then, because
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the accomplices in this piracy were found capable of more resistance than had been anticipated, the negociators sue for peace, without considering, that the **GRAND OBSTACLE** (a solemn fact that I would strongly mark, and awfully impress) the **GRAND OBSTACLE TO SUCCESS, HAS BEEN ALL ALONG, THE WANT OF UNANIMITY AND HARMONY** *in these very* **COMMANDERS**, at the very crisis, when their being but for a single week, or day, *of one mind*, as men combined against a common enemy should be, might have purged the sea, and enfranchised the land of all their lawless destroyers ?

Suppose for a moment a case, which will bring this matter to a point. Let us crowd into one large vessel, an immense number of passengers of different nations, most of them strangers to one another, but some even enemies, inasmuch as individuals can take share in the quarrels of the states, of which they are a part; but in this vessel all are crammed together. They are launched on the open sea in one common

mon bottom. In the course of the voyage the ship springs a leak ; for a long while it is disregarded as a trifling circumstance ; but danger being at last apprehended, the crew dispose of themselves according to their different dispositions ; some apply vigorously to the pump, others attempt to repair the started planks, while not a few stand aloof to the last minute, on pretence of want of skill, or want of strength, or on any other apology that covers their ill will. At length however, the peril becomes imminent, and the image of death is before every eye. At that instant, but not till then, all difference of nations, habits, and of languages are absorbed in a yet more powerful prejudice—the *love of oneself*—every heart beats to the general good, and every hand is busy to effect it. The force thus faithfully united, thus ACTUALLY combined, is sufficient to the salvation of the ship, which, even while the roaring waters are attempting to overwhelm it, is carried into safe moorings,—for at the moment

ment, there is a sort of endearment arising from common calamity, and from the joint effort of subduing it amongst Britons, Spaniards, Turks, Christians, and all that make up the motley crew !

EUROPE is, in the moment before us, precisely in the situation, and under the circumstances of that vessel ! The long, and deplorable indifference, almost apathy, with which the confederated Powers have to reproach themselves ; the yet more culpable, because unnatural dispositions of some seditious men the subjects of those sovereigns, to counteract, and by *confederation amongst themselves*, to render ineffective the measures of the different governments under which they live, and by which they are *protected*—and, if any thing more blameable can be added to these errors, the petty, ill-timed, and dangerous ambitions, and altercations, that have been said to prevail, amongst what should be in *deed*, as in *word*, the UNITED ARMIES, but too truly represent the crew of this vessel. God forbid, that as the danger of destruc-

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tion is equal, the means to prevent it should be less unanimous ! Of exertions *really* unanimous, I cannot form a doubt. PARIS is the port, into which the rest of Europe should direct the warlike vessel. I do verily think, and so think tens of thousands, that it is yet to be gained, though it can only be by UNION ; but be it remembered, that if it be not gained in 1794, it must not be given up for ever in despair !

Taken at the worst, should even the concentration of all auxiliary nations thus brought to a point—forgetting individual passions, and prejudices of customs, countries, and tongues, ancient grudges and recent animosities ; should all mankind link themselves into brotherhood, *for the time being* at least, and yet fail, as even the most puissant human endeavours may, it is the wisdom of the powers concerned—and who in this strife is not concerned ? it will be yet more essential than ever, to profit by the salutary lessons of experience in misfortune,—and PROCEED !

We must surely, by this time, be taught the necessity of employing a *new system of tactics*

tactics against an enemy, whose object is the downfall of that *order*, which the Almighty appointed in the arrangement of the world, and “*saw that it was good*” even from the first Creation !

It is in vain to deny, that great misfortunes there have been, the consequence of as great misconduct, either at home or abroad, during the campaign of 1793. But let us drop over these the curtain of oblivion ; let us indulge in the remembrance of better things ; let us luxuriate awhile in the panegyric that is due to the arms of Austria, and of the other assisting powers.

Breda was taken ; *Maestricht*, after having been menaced with desolation, was rescued ; the devouring jaws of *Jacobinism* were opened wide to swallow HOLLAND, almost deluged by its own troubled waters ; but they were opened in vain. The Prince of COBOURG, whose name cannot be mentioned without a thousand images of glory rushing on the mind, —notwithstanding the rigours of the season, and the violent disproportion of his troops,

which, long e'er that period, ought to have been reinforced, had but a moment to spare, and resolved to use it as a last moment should be employed. A success, such, as taking the circumstances together, we shall in vain search for in the page of history, crowned the effort. The affrighted Regicides, dispersed, dismayed, or mangled, abandoned their magazines, their stores, their artillery, their dead, and their dying, and fled before, comparatively, an handful of men. On that day, in that *immortal moment* (for it can never pass away from the minds and memories of men—and foes shall record it yet more faithfully than friends) in that *immortal moment* was atchieved, by a body of fifteen thousand harrassed men, more than the whole French nation in arms have been able to recover since that time, with all that miscarriage which succeeded, but which is no way imputable to the Prince of COUBOURG.

The disastrous Republicans did not re-assemble even at *Nerwinde*, at the summons of the intrepid *Dumourier*, but to cover the conqueror

conqueror with fresh laurels. The army of Cobourg though small, was UNITED ; and in compact powerful, gave proof as strong as holy writ, what may be done by concord, in league with courage. Never surely did fame trumpet to the world, or bear to her temple heroism more rapid, or more illustrious !— Every day, every hour, was the signal of some new victory ; so that one may compare that triumphant march of the Austrians, to the ocean in a storm, where the waves overwhelm every thing in their passage, and dash far from them all affailing impurity.

Of what glory had we not a right to consider this, as the harbinger ? Fast upon it followed the disgrace of *Dumourier*, a man less to be feared for the brilliance of his talents, than for the wicked means he adopted to give them effect. His arresting the Commissioners, was a stroke of policy worthy of his genius. His influence over the troops he then commanded, had almost persuaded them to break in a single week, the usurped sceptre of the Convention. Who but must wonder, who
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but deplore, the inexplicable, the mysterious inaction during all these golden opportunities, in which the Allied Powers indulged, while *Dampiere* had time allowed him, to gather together the wrecks of the French army, and put it again in a position to turn upon its conquerors ?

I am at the same time, in candour to the abilities, and intentions of the Austrian Generals, and their Allies, willing to suppose, that there was some sufficient, though to me, undiscoverable cause for this conduct. Perhaps they waited a reinforcement of men, and of artillery, to strike decisively. But in combating the French, more particularly than any other nation, did they reflect, how little even a superiority of numbers is able to balance the disadvantage, of forbearing to avail themselves of the consternation, which the very name of Austria at that moment bore along with it ? I do not mean to insinuate, that these intrepid troops have been altogether without success since ; but every victory has been followed by so torpid

torpid an interval, that it has been productive of little general good.

The moment of terror, by which any body of men are thrown into great, and unexpected disorder, should never be thrown away. It is usually procured by one conquest, and leads on to others. In war, as in other human affairs, "there is a tide, which taken at the ebb, leads on to fortune;" but in the above instance, it was so strangely neglected, that the occasion can scarce ever be expected to return. No people better understand its value than the French themselves; insomuch, that *TERROR* is the *Order of the Day*; and it has been chiefly by that, the Revolution has been so long sustained; and if it does not by some future, though unforeseen event, become a mighty engine, in destroying the monstrous edifice which it raised, it is to be feared now, that the same line of conduct on our parts, will but tend to increase the evils of bleeding humanity.

We may survey the salutary effects of the *consternation* here spoken of, in calling to mind
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some particulars in the siege of *Valenciennes*. After being so long delayed, so inactively undertaken, and impeded, like the rest of the operations, with so many fatal interruptions, the Allied troops began to be ferocious, to awake, as it were, from a deep sleep, and to exhibit itself before the camp of *César* ! With what satisfaction do we make report of that brilliant epoch, when nothing could cheer the drooping spirit of the Conventional army : neither the stupendous works of art, nor the apparent security of a place, which nature herself seemed to have made impregnable, nor those immense toils which had recently been superadded, nor a train of artillery that spread before the redoubts a defence, that looked as if it mocked attack. But victorious Terror preceded at that time the Allied Armies—guided by skilful tactics, their intrepidity knew no obstacle. Every Frenchman's heart sunk within him, and, as if actuated by one overbearing fear, they relinquished a garrison of five and twenty thousand men, though they had boasted of it as the bulwark of France,

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and had been in the habit of calling it, the grand barrier betwixt Vienna, and Paris. The Conventionalists fled, and terror was beating at their bosoms. Was not that the moment of pursuit? What a crisis! How full of hope on the one hand, of despair on the other! Instead of which

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Let the blank remain, since it could not be filled up to the advantage of those, whom we respect, and deplore.

Major Aspre is ordered to summon the surrender of Cambray. He learns on all hands that the inhabitants are ripe for revolt: he is even told, that the garrison is weak, and that a few straggling pieces of cannon are the sole guarantees of the ramparts. The Governor, nevertheless, makes the usual reply, that he will defend the fort to the last extremity. A few red-hot balls, and two hundred bombs had they *then* been thrown, must assuredly have yielded the possession of

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that important place. The state of the people, and of the fortrefs, could not have held out a fingle day, as have fince appeared by the confeffion of the commander, and the report of the Convention. That glorious occafion was alfo fuffered to efcape ; and, now behold the reverse of that glory ! Several months, every moment of which muft be accounted precious, wafte under the walls ; an immense ftore of ammunition confumed ; the labour in vain of erecting three parallels ; hecatombs of brave, but ill-advised foldiers facrificed in the trenches ; a numerous army to cover the blockade, and to continue the operations.

Taking the two, in one point of infpection, may we not exclaim with melancholy truth

“ Look but on *that* Picture

“ And on *This* !”

The refusal of the commander of the garrison, turned out to be nothing more than the fignal of retreat ; as well of the Conventional army, as of the town. The evil genius that feems to take part with France, then
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suggested to the *Allied Armies*, to *weaken their force—by dividing it!*

Behold the epoch at which we must date all the mischiefs that ensued.

The Duke of YORK, at the head of forty thousand troops, which in point of figure, feeling, and equipment, reflected lustre on the British nation; himself, a brave, empassioned, and promising foldier, took the route for DUNKIRK. The alacrity of his march, his arrival under the very walls of the town, without heavy artillery, and long before the time settled for the reinforcement of Rear-Admiral MACBRIDE; the heroic, but premature courage with which he pursued the enemy to the very counterscarp of the place, all went to shew, that every thing but intrepidity was overborne, and overlooked by this army of enthusiasm. How glorious, had there been a *Mentor* at hand, to guide the arm of *Telemachus!* It is even possible, had the Admiral been timely enough apprized of this secret expedition, to come up, or send only a decent addition of artillery, that the garrison of

DUNKIRK might have been taken, before it could have received the succours to resist.

But observe the fickle turns of victory, and of defeat in war. Those very Conventional hordes, who had so lately abandoned a position, which *they* deemed impregnable, resumed their efforts the instant they saw the Allies *divide*. Is not this another argument in favor of *indissoluble* union? The camp of *Cassel* was the place of rendezvous for the Regicides. By degrees the troops arrived in small detachments, without attempting to discompose the œconomy of a single battalion, or making any movement to annoy the enemy. All was the profound secrecy of military stratagem; not a whisper of what was in preparation, reached the adversary. It was the mystery of a conspiracy, forming as it were, in the bowels of the earth; it was the brooding silence of the air preceding the thunder. At length, after collecting all their forces at leisure, after having mellowed their plan, and encouraged themselves with the hopes of enjoying the fruits of it, the conspiracy declared itself; the

the thunder broke, and they covered every part intended to be assailed, as a torrent overwhelms the plain.

The intrepidity of the British legions, was equal to that of the enemy; perhaps it was even superior: But what could intrepidity then do, but multiply, and prolong the carnage? What, but retard the inevitable defeat, made more horrible to the generous heart, by the imminent danger of one of the sons of his BRITANNIC MAJESTY, the wounds of another, the surrender of many gallant soldiers, and the death of still more? We cannot but remember the dire losses sustained in magazines, cannon, &c. we cannot but remember the defeat, the terror of the DUTCH troops at *Menin*, and at *Werwick*, which were the immediate consequences of the English disaster.

The valour of the Austrians, and the sagacious conduct of the chiefs, however, even in that perilous moment, were opposed to the Regicides, and checked their progress. But it was placed beyond the reach of human resources

sources, to repair the countless injuries, and damages of the Allies ; or of the fatal animosities which were the result. To finish the scene of discontent, and disappointment, the siege of MAUBEUGE was retarded, till it was even an unseasonable rashness to make any attempt upon it ; and the evil disposed in every part of Europe seemed to be furnished both with time, with reason, and argument, in favour of a system, which gave a sanction to the operations of the enemy, and their own opinions.

Just as the armies of the Convention began to consider those of the Allies as invincible, the fatal affair of Dunkirk convinced them, there was a mortal part. They found out the *heel* of ACHILLES, and as the blood flowed from it, their hearts felt something of the hope, that re-animated the savages of America, when they beheld the Europeans, whom they so long considered as a race of superior beings, falling into their hands for the first time.

Successes, like defeats, are commonly in a train. The Austrians ever awake, in motion,

tion, and almost incessantly under arms, who were upon the point of investing MAUBEUGE, when the news arrived of the defeat of their Allies, were obliged to march in haste towards Menin, feeling how much the possession of that place, would guard an important part of their own frontiers. All the redoubts which defended the approaches were attacked, and carried at the same instant; and notwithstanding the rigour of the season, the town was invested, and the siege prepared, while the Regicides, who had assembled slowly, and without impediment, all their forces on the side of *Landrecy* and *Avesnes*, made an attack on the army of observation. Little expecting such a manœuvre, a general battle took place the next day, and on that occasion it was, that the double fanatiscism and madness, of head and heart, of enthusiasm and burning liquors, incited the French to throw themselves as it were, into the mouth of the enemies cannon, by which, though whole ranks were mowed down, they did not fail to sing forth the Revolutionary
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airs amidst rivers of blood, the cries of the wounded, and of mangled carcases, literally

“ Like mountains heap’d on mountains to the Skies.”

Well indeed, may it be said, that at that instant, notwithstanding the slaughter, the numbers remaining, or as if by magic brought to the field, were irresistible ; since even the Austrians were in the end compelled to change their position. Their retreat was that of the Lion overwhelmed by multitudes, whom no one dare approach too near, notwithstanding his loss of blood. What confidence ought not the Conventional troops to have in themselves, after having thus driven back the best soldiers, and the best officers in Europe !

While these transactions were passing on one part of the frontiers, the Lines of *Weissembourg*, so long thought to be impregnable, were forced in less than an hour, by the armies of General WURMSER, and the Prince of CONDE ; but it must be allowed, that the Prussians contributed not a little, to the success of that day, by their gallant manœuvres.

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One consolatory remark is left us on this occasion ; namely, that these continual and violent movements of the troops, so fatiguing and so destructive for the men, and yet more for the horses,—from Alsace to Flanders, and from Flanders to Alsace—from the army of the North, to that of the Vendée—from Savoy to Lyons, from Lyons to Toulon, and from Toulon to Perpignan, and the long inaction, while waiting to receive reinforcements from other quarters, incontestibly prove, that the Convention itself, began to feel the penalty, annexed to its monstrous excesses. It was under the necessity of dispatching its most trusty partisans in the character of Commissioners, and even some of their own members, into every corner of the kingdom, as well to repair the dreadful havoc which had been made by the enemy without, as to quell the spirit of insurrection, which in consequence of these devastations, began to shew itself within. And this plainly demonstrates, that the number of men under arms, or capable of bearing them, is by no means such as they

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would have us believe. There is always a moment, at which the pestilence begins to abate: that which visited the land of Egypt, the forest which hath yet scourged the earth, if we except the one which is still raging in France, had its crisis. May the same power that dispersed the one, remove the other; and, if in the last case, as in the first, the sins of the world were the cause of the visitation, may the same penitence be accepted as a propitiation!

After such distinguished success at the Lines of *Weissembourg*—unquestionably the most important of the whole war, if the conquerors had been able to gather the fruits that might have been expected—the towns of *Weissembourg* and *Lauterbourg* threw open their gates; the victorious army marched many leagues without meeting a single enemy; the town of *Haguenau*, although covered by a considerable forest, which might have obstructed their passage, surrendered without resistance; the inhabitants discovered the most favourable dispositions, the Regicides, were in a manner

manner struck with consternation ; and if public rumour is to be relied on, which seems to have been busied on this occasion, only to declare truth, even *Strasbourg* itself offered entrance to General WURMSER ! It is at least certain, that the Allies had a very numerous, and powerful party within the walls of that town ; but this advantage also, like others I have mentioned, was suffered to pass away ; the moment of consternation was lost, and I must again repeat, that it is a loss never to be repaired. If ever terror marches before the army of the Allies, it is hoped they will welcome it as a friend, since the party that it pursues, will find it a most formidable enemy.

But I must, in another instance, complain, and that heavily. After having thrown a few bombs into *Landau*, during three or four days, it was entirely abandoned for the miserable, and eternal system of blockading. Meanwhile the Convention, who never close their eyes, or permit others to do so, whose chief art consists in turning the numerous errors of the enemy to their own advantage,

and to employ the long, and sleepy interval which always separates one operation of the Allies from the other, now hasten to send Commissioners, and the Guillotine, into *Alsace*. Terror, exaction, and death, march before them. After having hurried to the grave, every person suspected, every one indeed who did not carry the Revolutionary delirium to its highest pitch, they came to regenerate, after their manner, the town of *Strasbourg*; that is to say, all the places of Administration, were confided to Sans Culottes, of tried perseverance in cruelty, and crime proof to all, that hath in it a relish of salvation. The Burghers, and the Peasantry, were frightened from innocence into guilt; they were even made to assist at the labours of the Guillotine, while the affluent thought themselves happy to save their lives at the expence of their fortunes, though generally the sacrifice of the one, followed close on the other. Requisitions were made with new activity—Considerable reinforcements were added to the army of JORDAN, and the Allies were at length constrained

strained to betake themselves into cantonments.—I will spare the reader and myself, the awkward detail of the lines and redoubts of *Motter*, as well as the blocking of *Landau*, of which, a very little vigour and constancy, must have long since assured us the possession, and which would have certainly proved the best resting place for the Allied Armies. The consequences indeed of this strange desertion of fortresses and towns ready to fall before them, are too manifold, and too melancholy to dwell upon; but amongst those consequences must ever be distinguished, by its superior horrors, the misfortunes of *Alsace*, the Dutchy of *Deux-ponts*, and of that part of Germany, which has been left to the unparalleled devastations, and barbarities of the Regicides.—

It may answer a good purpose to offer a retrospective summary of the successes, and miscarriages, of the last campaign.

The Prince of COBOURG, at the head of an inconsiderable army, drove back all the forces of the Republic, in the very hey-dey
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and pride of their victories : by which he became the saviour of Holland, and of the *Netherlands*, in less than six weeks ; the camp of *Famars*, which under the Mareschal De VILLARS, kept the enemy at bay during an whole campaign, was carried in a few hours, with very little loss. The celebrated camp of *Cesar*, was evacuated the instant that the Allies put themselves in a position to attack it : those of *Giveld*, and in the neighbourhood of *Dunkirk*, did not make a formidable resistance ; four thousand men attacked at *Marchiennes*, were either cut in pieces, or taken prisoners ; and it did not take up more than an hour to force the far-famed Lines of *Weissebourg*.

The reverse of the picture is now to be recapitulated. The entrenchments of *Hondscote* were taken, and almost filled up with the blood of the Allies. Even the undaunted Austrians, screened as they were by almost unnumbered redoubts, were compelled to raise the siege of *Maubeuge*. The environs of *Toulon*, as well by land as water, and on
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the security of which depended the fate of the town, and to fortify which, even *deliberately*, abundance of time was allowed, were abandoned; the lines of *Motter*, flanked as they were with Austrians, were left in a blaze. The blockade of *Landau* was given up in despair, and it will be difficult for the Historian of that transaction, to make the readers of a future age believe, that the joint armies of two of the most powerful potentates of Europe, commanded by two of their most illustrious heroes, General WURMSER, and the Duke of BRUNSWICK, had been repulsed from a situation, which art, nature and the season, concurred to render impregnable: repulsed too by an undisciplined banditti, under the orders of HOCHÉ, and PICHEGRU—constrained to desert, not only their conquests, but the stores, and a very interesting part of their own territory, after they had been spectators of its ravage, in a manner the most cruel: after having divided the blushing Rhine between the vanquished Citizens, and victorious Brigands.

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From all these circumstances, is it not natural to conclude, that the misfortunes of the last campaign, are to be attributed rather to the means of *employing* the forces, than the insufficiency of the forces themselves? And is it not obvious, that we have attended, neither to the *nature of the war*, nor the *nature of the enemy*? In a war of *opinion*, and especially against the French, who, to their natural bravery and impetuosity, now join all the incitements of enthusiasm, and of political fanaticism, the least check they receive, is the sure forerunner of another more important: the smallest delay is therefore a fault, of which an enemy so soon depressed and elevated, soon avails himself. Give a Frenchman but a moment to *rally*, and whether his distress be of a public, or private nature, *he is himself again*! His misfortune is forgotten, and repaired on the same instant, if left to his own *natural* resources; indeed a *defensive* war with such an enemy, brings upon the most valiant armies, irretrievable losses. It should be a first principle to *attack* the Regicides, to disperse their meetings, to
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march against them with undivided energy, to follow up every blow, to harrafs them in every quarter and without any intermission. Even when the armies in combination have gained over them the most signal victory, the step should be still onward, never retrograde, and the same day, the same hour if possible, should renew the combat.

This system would soon overwhelm them with irrecoverable dismay; but that stumbling-block thrown by States in the way of armies, of waiting for replies to propositions,—for fresh orders,—long-winded conferences;—for connecting lines, repairing the broken links in the military chain, &c. &c. &c. when there is such an enemy to be dealt with as the FRENCH now under consideration, distinguished by their devouring speed, and habits of murder, would in the end, triumph over the forces of ALEXANDER; or to select our models of heroism from modern examples, over the armies of Austria, and Great Britain!

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It can be no secret to those, who have any personal knowledge of the French character, that the *ordinary* temperament of their mind, even when wrought on by no adventitious circumstances, is a *violence*, compared with that of any other set of people in Europe. Reflect a moment, how, and by what means, and for what ends, this natural warmth, and impetuosity, are augmented? Their inflammable dispositions are now blazing with the supplying fuel, which increases as it goes. Every moment the uncontrollable, the hitherto unextinguishable fire catches a fresh house, and the engines employed to bring it under, have only sprinkled it with water, sufficient, to make it rage fiercer. The engines must play with *incessant* vigour, or it never can be put out, but by its own consuming spirit; and e'er that arrives, EUROPE *may become a conflagration!* Were it not bordering on profanation, to convert to such unhallowed purposes a sacred part of our holy faith, I might have added, that the conflagration (could we suppose

suppose that Providence would make a race of such wicked agents, the means of effecting his Divine Will) might be extended to *that* awful fire, which, we are told, is one day to destroy the world !

The French tactics, have been every way conformable to the Satanic principles the Conventionalists would establish. One cannot but observe some of their grand military maxims, when any of the sublime plans of assassination are to be put into execution, for the success of which the General pledges his head : (the quantity of blood spilt is never taken into the account—it is *decreed*, and must be done) The army is assembled with a rapidity almost incredible ; the Commissioners appear decorated with the insignia of their bloody order ; they amuse, and work up their no less bloody instruments, by harangues in the Oriental style of the day : much is said of the immaculacy of the Convention, much of the Committee of Public Safety. The obedient, sworn minions, spread themselves amongst the ranks, to applaud the violent, and

incite those, who might be guilty of *moderation*: the air reverberates with the cries of *Long live the Republic!* and no less with those of—*Down with Kings, down with Tyrants!* intermingled with a due proportion of abuse against all their subjects, who, in Conventional language, are slaves, and the vile *satellites of Despotism*. The women, or rather the Bacchanals, and Furies,—for a female who quits the modest graces of her own character, and trenches on the villainies of the worst part of ours, deserves no better appellations,—first inebriate the soldiery, then themselves; war-like music is joined to the insanity, and the charm is complete! Immediately, an hundred thousand wild beasts, flushed with liquor, and foaming with rage, reel away to the field of action, breathing vengeance, and venting execration! Thus drugged, like so many drunken cannibals to attack an army, whose valour is excited by no such adventitious aids. Wounds, and death are no objects, when opposed to intoxication, and plunder. Is it wonderful then, that the bravest troops in the world,

world, remaining in their sober senses should often be shaken, and sometimes subdued ?

In an attack upon the Patriots, on the contrary, we have manifestly the advantage : since the Bacchanal armies are not wrought to these excesses without a re-union of every seductive measure on the part of their commanders, and of those, who are yet nearer the head of affairs. With all the native warmth, and acquired heat of the French soldiery, they are obliged to wait for their usual modes of being wound up. Their disorder is the access of a burning fever, which although it never remits, is not in a moment at its proper height for those acts of phrenzy, to which it is destined. Attack them while the disorder is collecting, before it comes to the crisis.— Confusion, inconsistency, imbecility, and dismay, prevail in the intervals : then it is, that the Combined Armies should assail the Regicides ; then it is that they should vanquish, and that they should rescue—HUMANITY. Waiting for their attack upon us, is waiting, till they shew us they are ready ; and convince

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us, that delays are not more dangerous in love, than in war.

The force of this truth may be yet more strongly impressed by an illusion. Figure to yourself a worn-out courser, once the honour of the *menage*, governed, and goaded on by an able equerry. He calls to remembrance all his ancient prowess, seems to pride himself in renovated vigour, and appears to rival the foremost in the course; but he has been wrought to all this by violent, and artful means, and his transitory spirit soon passes away. It disappears with the cause that gave it birth; and if he was observed the moment after, his weakness would appear proportioned to the vehemence of those extraordinary efforts, to which he owed his success.—

The same impartiality which has guided me, and which leads me to indulge the utmost ardency of hope for the more happy destiny of Europe, obliges me again to hazard a few reflections on the conduct of the Allies.

The slowness in the operations with which the Generals stand chargeable, has extended
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also to the several governments, and has every where had the same mischievous consequences.

At the commencement of the last war, it was said, that the pendulum of *Monsieur de Sartine*, always went slower than that of the *English Minister*. May we not with equal reason observe, that the pendulums of all the Cabinets of Europe, opposed to that of the Committee of Public Safety, are constantly losing time?

Amongst a number of illustrations of this melancholy truth, I shall content myself with the two following. First, the deplorable war of the *Vendee*, carried on by men of the most approved fidelity, assembled almost by a miracle, and supported by an activity, harmony, and perseverance without example; providing themselves with arms, ammunition, and artillery, and often conquering the Regicides by the force of unyielding resolution: Is it possible that this generous army of *real* Patriots, should have been left near eight months, abandoned to themselves without magazines, garrisons, cities, or any strong holds

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to retire to ; having only the same harrassed, and fatigued troops, in opposition to armies renewed, and strengthened incessantly ? God forbid that this indifference to the fate of men, who had a claim on our best support, should have been the result of a confederacy in Politics, blind, as it proved inhuman !

At length however, they appeared inclined to stretch out the helping hand, and began to take measures accordingly. But whether by a fatality of circumstances, or the ill construction of plans, formed for that purpose, when the generous Royalists, allured by the promise of assistance, and relying on the good faith of nations pledged to succour them, appeared on the coast, they found nothing of what they had been taught to hope.

Thus left destitute—without artillery, and indeed every means of attack to conduct a siege, they arrived, but to shed torrents of the best blood of France, under the paltry walls of *Granville*, to no good end whatever.—The dread of being betrayed, of wanting the common necessaries of life, and of finding themselves

themselves on the sea coast, without any means of safety, induced those devoted wanderers to return once more into the interior parts of the country: and even then, they had to cut their way through innumerable hosts of enemies, with no other resources, than those, that were furnished by despair!

Brave, unhappy, generous victims of your desolated land, where is the heart that hath one touch of love, or pity in it, but must bleed for, and bewail your destiny!

Soon after, indeed, the English fleet arrived at Guernsey: but, unfortunately the delay had been so great, as to fill us with fresh regrets, that their arrival could be of no service to those, who had already fallen sacrifices, by thousands, to this dreadful *procrastination*.

But for this unaccountable tardiness, those miseries, it is most probable, would have been at this day amongst the dearest, proudest objects of our victories, the terror of the vanquished Convention, and the favours of more thousands of Citizens, who have since been devoted! It is as im-

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possible to discover the motives of this conduct, as to calculate its consequences. The whole matter appears as contrary to sound policy, as to the interests of humanity. How devoutly is it to be wished, we had felt in time, that to subdue France, we must associate the well-disposed part of the French in our efforts ! that we had been convinced, a Counter-Revolution depended on the success of the army of the Royalists—that the formation of that army, was of a nature to increase the phalanx of faithful subjects, long constrained to affect Republicanism, but in wait for an opportunity to declare their allegiance:—that, in short, they were in a country extremely abundant, without any strong garrisons to stop their progress, and where the distinguished success of a single day, would determine the conquest of several Departments, and conduct the triumphant army to the gates of Paris !

The second example is not less to be deplored. A singular stroke of good fortune, and such as the chances of war perhaps never yet

yet furnished an instance, threw *Toulon* into the hands of the English, without firing a shot, or the loss of a single man ! They were immediately put into possession of no less than three and twenty ships of the line ; of which two were of 120, three of 80, and the rest of 74 guns. And to these were added a due proportion of frigates, and other vessels of war. Three thousand guns belonging to the navy, without counting a considerable land artillery, ammunition of all sorts in abundance, with every equipment for the vessels, that could give them either splendour, or use. To these advantages were annexed, a population, from five and twenty, to thirty thousand inhabitants, in general well disposed to maintain, with vigour, the part they had taken.

Every thing combined to induce, and encourage the Allies to put themselves, and their new friends as soon as possible in the best state of defence, and the geographical situation of *Toulon*, held out the fairest advantages. The Regicides were not in force in this part

of their usurpations: they had scarce any troops of the line; and procured with difficulty, either ammunition, or provisions: the managed possession of this important fortress, was the most probable means to force the evacuation of *Nice*, and to render in consequence, to the *Piedmontese*, and *Outrichienne* armies, their former activity and vigour; to unite with the Spaniards in the *Rouffillon*; and to profit by the neighbourhood of those Departments, whose equivocal dispositions gave the fairest chance of a Counter-Revolution in the South.

What means then were taken to secure so precious, so unhop'd a conquest? They placed in it a feeble garrison, composed of four strange nations, speaking *different* languages from each other, and still more divided by the *difference* of their views, hopes, and expectations. It was necessary, without doubt, in the first moment, to employ those troops, of whom they could immediately dispose; but who can developpe State mysteries, or decypher the political problem, or rather fatality,

fatality, which occasioned the arrival of 6000 Irish troops, destined to reinforce the garrison, to take place just one month after its evacuation ?

Probably the reinforcement of a single thousand, had been sufficient to defend the fortress against an enemy, of which the greatest part were gathered together in haste, and from amongst the refuse of the people. The loss of the place depended upon the capture of a single redoubt, which they had abundant time to fortify, and which so fortified, had answered every purpose.

Equity demands, that we should impute this general tardiness, in almost every country, to general negligence ; common justice might, perhaps, warrant our joining the censure of those, who have not hesitated to pronounce it an atrocious combination of politics ; but I can make allowance for those impediments, obstructions, and difficulties, which the etiquettes, and ceremonies of governments, with the fatal distance of the United Powers from one another, throw

throw in the way of the best concerted measures.

Although we make these allowances, we cannot but deplore them. While, for instance, assent is to be obtained from Spain, Germany, Holland, and Great Britain, to an object, that perhaps requires the utmost vigour and dispatch, see with how much ease the enemy proceeds. I will not say "*they settle these things much better in FRANCE,*" because my feelings revolt against every principle, on which the present ravagers of that country act; but it were well if the rest of Europe were as vigilant and speedy in a righteous, as the French have shewn themselves in a wicked cause. God forbid that other Powers, who are fighting to prevent the annihilation of every virtue, should conduct even war itself, on any principles inconsistently with the laws, which nations have consented to hold sacred in their most declared animosities, and contentions: but surely they might, in a crisis like this, contrive to abridge some of those punctillios, that consume that time, of which every moment is now so precious.

precious. If they have confidence in the leaders of their armies and navies, why should *they* not be invested with a discretionary power, to act according to the variation of circumstances? There would never be an end of asking questions, on the blunders that were heaped upon one another in the affair of *TOULON*! I will therefore close the subject by demanding, why the conquerors had not the precaution at least, to convey the ships of that harbour into a safe port, either of Spain, or Italy, when they began to apprehend, there might be a chance of losing the brilliant advantages they had gained! The report made in the English Parliament by Sir GILBERT ELLIOT, who expressed his fears, that unless a strong reinforcement should arrive, it would be a miracle if *Toulon* remained in our possession to the 25th of December, should have been taken as a warning. Instead of which, a great number of fine vessels were reduced to ashes, and several returned into the hands of the new vanquishers, to re-strengthen the enemy against ourselves!

Tell

Tell me, ye, in whose management is placed the DESTINY OF EUROPE,—tell me, if it be not incomparably better never to gain a conquest, than to lose it with such disadvantages? Is it not marching a step forward, and a thousand retrograde? TOULON was won without the loss of a man, and surrendered with the loss of thousands! The surviving inhabitants of this town, of *Longuey*, *Verdun*, and part of *Champaign*, have dearly paid, many with their lives, and all with their property, the interest they took in your cause, and their efforts to join your arms. Twenty thousand of the wretched inhabitants of *Toulon*, of every age, sex, and condition, are reduced, even though you saved their lives, to become wanderers in a strange land; and those who remained in that unfortunate town, in the midst of their untimely deaths, cannot help deploring your cruel visit. The worthy inhabitants of *Haguenau*, and of all the conquered part of *Alsace*, are either destroyed, or flying from destruction; in other words, they are seeking refuge from death,
in

in the arms of famine. Those of *Fort Louis*, whom you taught to hope, now having not where to lay their heads, vainly regret their not having followed the example of *Landau*, and opposed to you, all the resistance of which their city was susceptible. Your red-hot balls could but partially have impaired their dwellings, while your mines have levelled them with the dust.—No, a succession of *battles lost*, would have hurt you less essentially, than these short lived, and dear bought victories.

But let us throw a veil of mourning over this long catalogue of irremediable misfortunes, and only remember the faults that are past, to draw from them, lessons of wisdom for our future conduct.

That which now is the object of our regret, ought at the same time to be a motive of our liveliest hope. It is evident that the Allied Potentates of Europe, have neither employed *all* their means, nor given to those of which they have made use, their proper direction; while it is impossible for the Com-

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mittee

mittee of Public Safety, to have shewn more unanimity, vigour or energy ! Let MONARCHS then lay aside, at least adjourn till a moment more tranquil, those views of interest, those projects of aggrandizement, those personal animosities, and those *fatal calculations*, which put the most dangerous weapons into the hands of the evil intentioned part of every kingdom, while they throw a damp over the feeling of the most faithful. Let them be always, and equally great, and just, and shewing themselves worthy of their exalted seats ! Clemency and goodness, presiding in their councils, will gain, and secure the affections of those deserving their care ; but at the same time let the iron rod of justice be ever at hand, to *strike the first disturber of the public repose*, who dares to think this benevolence the effect of weakness.

Above all, let the GENERALS rise superior to every sentiment of *pride*, or *National prejudice*, which may lead them for one moment to forget the greatness of their calling, and feel in its proper force this important truth,
that

that they are no longer the soldiers of this nation, or of that; but that Europe, and suffering humanity, have *appointed them* the *defenders* of their glory, their interest, and their existence, against this horde of cannibals, who have sworn their downfall, and destruction! Let it be ever in their remembrance, that had HANNIBAL conducted his victorious army to Rome, immediately after the battle of Connes, he would have gained the Empire of the *World*; but that *omission* was punished by the *loss* of CARTHAGE! In short, let the example of the Marechal de BOUFLERS placing himself under the orders of VILLARS, whom he had a right to command, and who would fain have ceded to that right, teach them, that true glory, and heroism, consist chiefly in the sacrifice of every selfish consideration, as often as it may injure, in the smallest degree, the public cause. Then falling on every side, the too long triumphant guilty shall expire under their own bloody trophies: violated Religion once more rise from the ruins of her own altars: the multi-

tude of victims groaning under oppression, or in exile, whose souls are wounded by every evil that can afflict humanity, shall again admit to their suffering bosoms, the balmy consolations of hope and joy; the no longer alarmed proprietor, may again leave to his children the patrimony of his fathers, or the fruit of his own industry; and the virtuous Citizen, in whatever rank providence has placed him, may again hail the dawn, of peaceful, and of happy days!

To open the Campaign of 1794, with the fairest prospect of success, why should not the ALLIES *begin* with the SIEGE of LISLE? When the tri-coloured flag waves no longer on the ramparts of that city, we may assure ourselves a Counter-Revolution is not far off. The Regicides will be struck with consternation; the nearest towns will make but little, perhaps no resistance. West Flanders will have no longer to fear those continual incursions, which have so long spread ruin, and desolation, over that beautiful, and fertile Province. The Allies, leaving be-
hind

hind them this important place, may advance with confidence, and in great numbers, into the interior of France, as they would then have so little to fear for the safety of their own frontiers. Yet, though I esteem this measure indispensable, I am far from wishing to conceal the difficulties that attend its execution. The preliminary step is doubtless, the union of a very considerable body of troops; for with *half means* no reasonable success can ever be expected. FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND men at least, should be charged with the immediate operation of the siege: SEVENTY THOUSAND more with a corps of reserve, sufficient to repair the losses they may sustain, should be destined to cover the operations, and form an army of observation. In addition, a body of NINE OR TEN THOUSAND, chiefly composed of light troops, should be employed successively on all sides to harass the enemy, and draw their attention to different points; to prevent the junction of their small parties, and in short, to spare the *Grand Armies* every movement,

that

that may harrafs them without absolute necessity. We must not flatter ourselves that the SIEGE OF LISLE can be formed with as little trouble as that of VALENCIENNES; on the contrary it will require more multiplied efforts, and more continued energy. Still less must they think to remain, quietly waiting the effect of their well-formed batteries, or behind the trenches as at MAUBEUGE. They must avoid every obstacle which may stop them one moment in their pursuit. The Grand Army must be always ready to oppose, and disperse as soon as possible, any force of the enemy, sufficiently strong to resist their light troops, and that in the moment of their formation.

If, as has been the case, an innumerable multitude should again rise in mass, and come pouring down like a torrent on all sides;—
MEET THEM, GIVE THEM BATTLE,
choosing, as far as circumstances permit,
the most *open situations*. 'Tis there the invincible valour of the Austrians, and their allies will find their proper sphere of action;
'tis

'tis there, real courage, and military virtues in union, must infallibly triumph over this band of robbers, and assassins, marching under the banners of blood guiltiness! The victory MAY be dearly bought. But, trust me, there will be few impediments in reaping the fruits, pursuing their advantages to the *utmost*, and putting it a long time, perhaps for ever, out of the enemy's power, again to annoy them; for, if once their troops were routed in the open plain, it would be impossible to rally them. The conduct of the *siege army*, must, in a great measure, be decided by that of observation; But, in general, they should make it their study to conciliate the greatest activity with the indispensable rules of prudence; it may often, indeed, be necessary to depart, from ancient, and usual military practice in the progress of a war, where the circumstances are so unexampled.

Ammunition of all sorts should be provided before hand, to avoid the *possibility*, not only to *suspend*, but to render, for one hour,
their

their efforts less vigorous. Let a sufficient number of pieces of heavy, and other artillery be mounted under the walls of LISLE—let the trenches be opened the very day the troops present themselves before the city ;—let the vigour of their movements, and the force of their attacks, be calculated to inspire astonishment, and terror ! this is particularly necessary before a place, where the numerous inhabitants, must, more or less, influence the fears, or affections of the garrison.

In this dreadful crisis, all false pity would be criminal, and every timid consideration have the same effect, as the weak conduct of those, whose ill-directed tenderness in sparing a few habitations has caused a whole city to become the prey of devouring flames !

What then is wanting, but to meet the SAVAGE TORRENT with full energy in future, in order to resist it with effect ? To terminate a convulsion in the human world, so new, and so dreadful, requires the unabating vigour of the GRAND CONFEDERACY.

To

To this great object then, be it fervently directed! The trials, to which all EUROPE is now devoted, may then prove blessings in disguise, if they teach the SOVEREIGNS of the Earth, to become more generally the instruments of Providence,—and reconcile the PEOPLE to those degrees of subordination, on which the system of SOCIAL HAPPINESS is unquestionably founded!

F I N I S.

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FINIS.

